

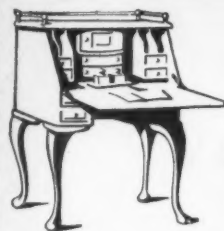
Midd

Life

JULY 23, 1908

PRICE, 10 CENTS
Vol. LII. No. 1343

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



The Right Writing Paper



This Trademark on every box.

If you underrate yourself who will overrate you.

A business communication, a personal letter, or a social note on inferior paper instantly creates an unfavorable impression.

It's good business—it's personal satisfaction—it's social diplomacy to use, for all correspondence purposes.

WHITING Papers

The assortment is large—the shapes are new—the sizes are right—the quality is superior.

Look for the trademark on the box. Whiting is the name that signifies quality and correctness in papers for every correspondence purpose.

"When you think of writing
Think of WHITING."

Obtainable from all the best dealers.

WHITING PAPER
COMPANY
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Duane Street,
New York
CHICAGO
BOSTON
PHILADELPHIA
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.



THERE are two great manufacturing houses, one in the United States and the other in England.

The American house has been in business three-quarters of a century, and the English house more than a hundred and twenty-five years.

Both of these concerns make a very wide range of the same kind of goods—toilet conveniences. But each is famous all over the world chiefly for one of its products.

The American house has, for more than a generation, held a large share of the trade in England with its most famous product. John Bull is very patriotic, even in his purchases. But when an Englishman at home or abroad wants a toilet essential for the purpose for which this Yankee article is designed, he buys the Yankee product on its name and quality. The English concern, on its part, occupies in America a position very similar to that of the American house in England. Thousands upon thousands of cases of its most famous specialty are sold every year in the United States.

This international trade in each case has been the result, first of careful testing of the article at home and then of its introduction and promotion abroad. And this is true of practically every article that has a general sale that has been made by general advertising. Only an article of intrinsic quality tested in the crucible of use can hope to withstand the melting heat of general publicity; for that heat quickly reveals any dross.

"Here's something new advertised in the magazines—I wonder if it's as good as represented," says the reader.

Perhaps the retail merchant also says, "Here's something new advertised," and wonders whether it is a staple commodity reliable enough to put on to his shelves.

Even the merchant, who knows how articles of merchandise rise into popular favor, may not realize that this commodity just brought to his attention, and which he assumes is new, has really been

sold for years in the community where it originated. First it gave satisfaction to a small circle of purchasers. Then the circle widened. Then its sales extended over a whole state. Finally its quality and stability were so marked that it became an article of national consumption.

Many of the commodities advertised in magazines are of precisely this kind—things so successful at home that it is certain everybody will like them. They *have* to be that sort.

Moreover, the single article a manufacturer advertises in magazines may be only one of a dozen that he actually makes. His other products are as honest and good value. But this *one* has a universal quality. It establishes itself on merit in any city, any state, any civilized country. Manufacturers who have developed their one famous commodity are unable to make anything that will compete with it. Very often the man who makes it could produce nothing to compare with it himself. This article, somehow, has a vast, human appeal.

There is survival of the fittest in commodities. When a manufacturer has developed something square enough and stable enough to offer the public everywhere, he usually advertises it nationally, in the magazines. Even business men, who ought to know better, will look upon the advertising as a sign that he is "trying to force demand." But really it is apt to be a sign that he is coming into his own.

The advertising may be new. But that commodity is often staple. It has been developed and perfected by experiments, both in manufacture and marketing, that would make any local experiments along the same line preposterous. Behind it already there is a broad, deep, basic, human demand that will sell it wherever it goes, and sell more of it than of any similar commodity, and sell it longer. The merchant who puts such a commodity on his shelves may regard it as virtually sold before he puts it there.

The Quoin Club TTTT Key

THIS little 16-page monthly, half the size of magazine page, will be sent on request to any Business Man who is interested in advertising. Address

Quoin Club
111 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N.Y.

DON'T
SUFFER
FROM

Hay Fever



Wear a Comfort Nasal-filter which filters the air through fine linen and prevents you from inhaling pollen, dust and other irritating substances. Thoroughly tested and merit proved in all climates.

Made of sterling silver, light weight, sanitary and practically invisible. Cleanse under faucet or drop into boiling water.

If you live in a dusty climate, work in a dusty place or use an auto, a Comfort Nasal-filter is an absolute necessity to comfort. Price, \$2.00.

UNIVERSAL SUPPLY COMPANY,
Fourth Floor, Globe Building, St. Paul, Minn.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER for After Shaving.



Insist that your barber uses Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the many skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

LIFE

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PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

On a Portrait of an Unknown Beauty

SWEET and delicate and wistful,
Mocking, witty, woman-wise;
All the secrets of the ages
Hidden in her luring eyes.

What frail fancies held her captive—
What quaint music pleased her ear—
Plaintive, late-companioned chansons,
Or a ballad's braver cheer?

Did she tread the pavan's measure,
Pledging high each courtier's weal,
As she ground his heart to atoms
Underneath her scarlet heel?

Yet, what stirred her lips to laughter,
What the burden of her grief,
Whither she bestowed her favor,
If her span of life was brief?

Who would know?—since half her
charm lies
In the year's unanswering,
In the wonder that she wakens,
As if art had robbed the Spring

Of a fragrant, fragile rosebud,
And, beyond all time's mischance,
Prisoned fast its unblown beauty
In the garden of romance.

—CHARLOTTE BECKER.

Her Sympathy

LITTLE MARGARET was enduring a
visit from her boisterous cousins
from the West. One evening after the
children said their prayers, their talk
turned on heaven. Henry, Dick and Bob
wished to know if they would go there
when they died. When an affirmative
answer was given, little Margaret ex-
claimed with heartfelt sympathy:
"Poor Dod."

He Spoke Too Soon

"LOOK here, old chap; forgive me
for speaking of it, but you really
ought to know. Your wife doesn't play
a square game of bridge."

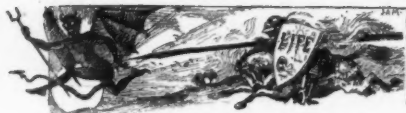
"My dear fellow, that's a compliment
to you. It shows that you play such a
corking game that she couldn't afford
to."



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY HAVING SUCH
TOUGH WORMS FOR SUPPER? THEY'RE NOT
THE KIND MOTHER USED TO BRING."

"Papa, what is a slum?"

"Where the majority live, my boy."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LII JULY 23, 1908 No. 1343

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THE Republican party is strong for centralization nowadays, and the Democratic party ought to be representing the opposite tendency. Maybe it will some time. At present it represents little that is of value to national government except an alternative to be considered and avoided, and the possibility of regeneration. A foolish man who is living and behaving unwisely is better than no man at all because there is life, at least, in him, and he may come to a better mind and a more profitable line of conduct. So in the Democratic party there is abundant life, and some day it will be useful again to the country.

And, we dare say, the renomination of Bryan is about as good medicine as the Democratic party could take this year. Before it can do the country much good it has got to develop new leadership, and apparently it cannot do that until its infatuation with Brother Bryan comes to an end. If it must elope with him once more before it can finally shift its affections, it is best, no doubt, to have it over now. We can get along very well with Taft for another four years, and to have Bryan run against him simplifies political action very much for voters whose propensity to vote Democratic is not yet quite extinct, but who would like to see what sort of work Taft will be able to make of the White House job, and in particular what he will be able to get done about revising the tariff.

So let us try to be reconciled this time again to Brother Bryan's ascendancy, considering that extraordinary

phenomenon with the philosophical admission that whatever is, is right, and that Bryan could not have captured the Democratic party if it had not been ripe to be captured by him.

He got the nomination fairly enough. When he says it was "as purely from the people as can be," that is doubtless true. It does not mean that he has not been working for it for all he was worth for the last four years; has not dickered and plead and bullied and schemed and wrestled for it. It only means that he got it himself; that it was not bought with money, nor given to him by any one else, nor acquired by the efforts of organized and disciplined office holders, but that he himself went out and grabbed it, beating off all competitors with what violence was necessary, but using no means more censurable than persuasion, oburgation and the hope of office.

A nomination so acquired comes, no doubt, about "as purely from the people" as can be. It is asserted that a majority of the Denver delegates, in their hearts, did not want Bryan. If that is so, he did a great feat to make them choose him, in spite of the two-thirds rule, on the first ballot. He is a great hand with conventions, however he may lag at the polls, and he should have full credit for success in his specialty.



LET us, indeed, in all particulars, try to give Brother Bryan the credit that is his due. After all, in his way he has been useful to the country. He has kept the Democratic party from getting into power when it was not fit to have power. When it was silver-crazy he led it to defeat, which was a useful service. The next time, its sanity being only partially recovered, he led it to defeat again. Next time he prudently stood aside while Parker was thrown to Roosevelt like Daniel to the lions, except that Roosevelt ate Parker. And now that the party is Bryan crazy, Bryan will lead it again.

And is he not the man, and the only fit man, to lead a Bryan-crazy party? No doubt he is, and no doubt he will lead it to a destination that accords with

its deserts. The only choice the Democrats have had in twelve years has been the choice of nominating a man like Cleveland, whom the bulk of the party did not want, and who must inevitably have quarrelled with his party if elected, and a man like Bryan, who was quite as crazy as his party was, and, therefore, could not be elected. Bryan certainly has stood in his previous candidacies for things which the majority of the Democrats wanted. The trouble has been that, as a rule, they have been things that belonged to somebody else, and which a sufficiently large division of the Democrats have been squeamish about taking. In one way or another, ever since the free-silver years, Bryan has been the leader of the Have-nots against the Haves. So he is still, but with great modification. Roosevelt has banged the Haves so hard during the last three years that the novelty has pretty much gone out of that form of sport, and a great many of the original Have-nots have begun to wonder how much farther it will be profitable to pursue it. So, thanks to Roosevelt, the Democratic party, Bryan-crazy though it is, is a much safer party this year than it was twelve or eight or even four years ago. That is not saying much, but it is something.



MR. BRYAN is not silver-crazy any longer. Indeed, he does not seem to be crazy on any subject. But having had large experience of the usefulness to him of political manias, he keeps a full set of them in his cabinet, and is ready at any moment to bring out and assume any one of them which the Democratic party shows signs of an inclination to be demented with.

Can he be elected? To us it looks as if the desire for Bryan had diminished even more than the fear of him. The country needs, desires, tranquility. It has taken all the medicine it can stand, except a moderate dose of Tariff revision. If it can get that from Taft it can get from him everything it needs, at less cost than from Bryan. Therefore, if the Tariff doesn't beat Taft he ought to win.



The local bathing season was inaugurated on Tuesday last when three New Yorkers braved the waters of Bascom's Pond. A large delegation of citizens turned out and gave them an enthusiastic welcome.—News item from the Bugville Times.



AT LIFE'S FARM
THE WRESTLING MATCH.

Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged. . .	\$3,568 46
A. L. Ehrman, Jr.	100 00
J. C. de Bruyn Schimmel.	2 50
Franklin Lindley Couch.	25 00
F. S. S. and M. R. D. S.	6 00
Emeline B. Barnard.	1 00
Mrs. G. W. Lawrence.	3 00
B. M. W.	10 00
H. Ellis.	11 00
Wm. O. Morse.	5 00
"G. P."	10 00
"A Friend"	5 00
E. W. D. and K. P. D.	5 20
Keystone	10 00
Mrs. Seymour P. Thomas.	5 00
R. D.	50 00
Agnes H. Cattus.	10 00
"C. S. S."	11 35
"G. R. M."	25 00
"In Loving Memory of F. S. D."	5 00
Mrs. Le Roy Harvey.	12 00
Total.	\$3,880 51

Acknowledged With Thanks

FROM J. I. GRADY, 4,400 pieces of cardboard for postcards.

Her Aim

"WHY does Maud bleach her hair? She deceives nobody."
"She isn't trying to. She's merely giving every one an indication of her real character."

Epitaph for a Millionaire

HE owed no man. He even paid for his friendships.

William's Little Party

WILLIAM had a little party
He wished to fleece, you know.
And everywhere that William went
The party, too, would go.
It followed him to Denver,
And, by the two-thirds rule,
Selected him for president
Backed by the same old drool.
And when the people saw poor Will
Upon the donkey's back,
It made them laugh, hee, hee, haw, haw,
And pummel him, kerwhack.
"Why does the party love him so?"
The populace all cried.
"Because he has it by the throat,"
The editors replied.

Ellis O. Jones

The Charm of Universal Blood-Poisoning

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

One hundred physicians of Chicago's board of health have descended on the citizens of the small-pox district, offering them the alternative of being vaccinated or being arrested. There seemed to be no other way to arrest the progress of the disease.—*Boston Globe*.

Boston, June 27, 1908.

This is about what every well-informed hygienist would expect from the city that has long boasted of being the best-vaccinated and revaccinated city in this country! The cow-poxing gang are like so many rattlesnakes, making wounds and poisoning them. Verily, filth breeds filth.

CHARLES E. PAGE, M.D.

Common

"THEY are quite ordinary people, aren't they?"
"Yes—keep their engagements, eat plain food, pay their bills, and all that sort of thing."



EFFECTIVE

Parrot: "WHAT'S THE MATTER? HAD A MIX-UP WITH A CYCLONE?"
"CERTAINLY NOT; THIS IS SIMPLY DR. MONK'S TREATMENT TO KEEP A COLD IN THE THROAT FROM SETTLING DOWN INTO MY LUNGS."

All In the Same Boat



S.M. Hagg.

SUFFICIENCY

Gertrude Gilhooly just hopes it will storm,
She adores the sea angry and rough,
When a wave gives the lady a slap on the ear,
We timid ones cry, "good enough!"



S.M. Hagg.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CONCERT

This pompous bromidian's chairman to-night,
He prates of "hands over the brine,"
"Blood's thicker than seltzer," and so is his head,
I'm glad he's no cousin of mine!

In the Life of a Heroine

(Compiled from "Novel" Sources.)

"Never had she been more vivacious than on that evening. Little did they suspect——"

"She threw her opera cloak wearily down."

"Go!" she said calmly."

"As soon as she was alone, she threw herself on the bed in a torrent of tears."

"She gave him her hand."

"For a long time she was silent."

"She smiled brightly."

"Her eyelashes were strangely wet."

"She loved to linger there, in the old house. All the memories of the past clustered——"

"Never!" she cried."

"She caught the sound of voices."

"Her gown was a simple affair."

"Gazing at herself long in her mirror she wondered——"

"She felt herself suddenly grow faint."

"Her heart misgave her."

"Although time had set its mark on him, she knew him at once."

"Instantly she divined——"

"Her breath came in short, quick gasps."

"She hurried on."

"She paused, with a strange feeling of unrest."

"The distant music of the organ was like a knell to her heart."

"She stopped him with an imperious gesture."

"Her gaze was haughty."

"She drew herself up to her full height."

"Her heart was full of bitterness."

"With a supreme effort she controlled herself."

"Her laughter was unrestrained."

"That night she told him all."

"Yes," she said gently, "It is too late."

"She moved as if in a dream."

"Her hand fluttered like a bird."

"She wondered if there was a God in Heaven."

"She inly dwelt."

"She could not bear to read his letter."

"It can never be," she said."

"Her hair had fallen down over her shoulder in rich, luxuriant clusters of shining gold."

"A strange sense of sadness came over her."

"Everything looked the same."

"Alas! how changed it all was!"

"Her voice failed her."

"She clasped her hands feverishly."

"As if Death mattered now, anything mattered now!" she thought."

"She whispered softly."

"She sighed fondly."

"All is over," she said."

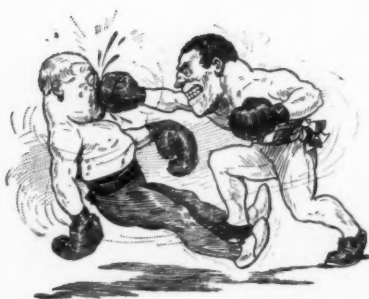
LIFE'S Marriage Contest.—The Winners



AMERICAN SUGAR.



MONEY IS EASY.



THE OPENING WAS STRONG.

IN its issue of March 26, 1908, LIFE made its first announcement of a marriage contest with a double set of prizes for six contestants who should, in the judgment of LIFE's editors, send in the cleverest replies.

The day after the publication of this issue the contributions began to come in. They came from North, South, East and West, from all over the world. The mere labor of sorting them out was large, and when it came to publishing them all, it would have taken six months of LIFE with nothing else in it. We ask the indulgence of our readers who failed to see their particular contributions in print.

From all the answers received a careful selection was made for publication and for several weeks LIFE has been publishing these contributions. From these the winners have been selected as follows:

WRITTEN BY WOMEN.

First prize. Won by Miss Mary M. Thompson, Waterloo Row, Frederickton, New Brunswick, Canada.

No. 1.

That lively wit, which much appeals to me
The wandering life, by vagrant fancy led,
Bid me forget the truth, that men may be
Sweet "April when they woo, December
when they wed."

Second Prize. Won by Mrs. Charles H. Annin, Leroy, N. Y.

No. 3.

Now 'tis purely inferential (also strictly confidential), but its wealth, that great essential, I incline,
So the millionaire I'm wooing with a view to his undoing when the gold I am pursuing shall be mine;
There's another great essential (also purely inferential), 'twould extremely providential prove to me
If, to make me more contented, he reluctantly consented that among the late lamented he would be.

Third Prize. Won by Lady Carter, Government House, Barbados, B. W. I.

The Editor (by folly led)
Has asked me "which I'd like to wed."
The question in my case would be
Just which of them would marry me!

WRITTEN BY MEN.

First Prize. Won by Monroe Buckley, 1420 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 1.

Hail Number One, I salute you. Also I salute LIFE and the Soul of Things as they are, the periodical, the newspaper, the joke, the pun, the ten-cent magazines and all second-class mail matter. But let be!!!

You, Number One, from first and last I sing, you bridge-mad, you church-mad, you foe of the open pulpit. I sing your jewelled neck, your wonderfully coiffured hair. I sing your long thin fingers, deft with the cards, your arms, your feet and your other members which are represented in LIFE's Picture Gallery. All these are sung by me.

Also I sing your uncle, rich, apoplectic, red-faced, fat, with large red nose. I sing his huge red nose, I sing his corporation, but most of all, I sing his riches and his apoplexy. I sing your uncle, fit candidate for death's incline.

And so I sing you, you niece of the uncle, the rich uncle, the apoplectic uncle, you bridge-mad, you church-mad, but withal, you amiable. I hail you, I salute you, I bespeak you for mine.

Second Prize. Won by J. Tracey Edson, P. O. Box 112, Cambridge, Mass.

No. 2.

Love is the only god I know,
This girl I'm bound to wed,
I do not care a d—n for woe,
Nor where in h—l I'm led.

Third Prize. Won by Alfred L. Donaldson, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

No. 3.

To the widow "unencumbered, gentle, loving," I incline,
Like the railway that is sloping to the heart of some rich mine.
I'll make outgo for her income; I'll make solace for her woe;
And can give her "economics" a dynamic touch, I know!



BE PATIENT, DEAR! BREAKFAST WILL BE UP IN A MINUTE.



ADVICE TO YACHTSMEN
ALWAYS HAVE YOUR FENDER HANDY.

"Bank clerks in Pittsburg have stolen \$7,500,000 during the last three years."—*News of the Day*.

A SERIOUS LEAK. Seven millions and a half are quite a few, even in Pittsburg. Who knows what foreign dukes have been forced to beg, or what epochal murders in New York have been prevented by the diversion from its proper channels of so great a sum?

At the Expense of the People

SECRETARY STRAUS AT NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, July 7.—Secretary of Commerce and Labor Oscar S. Straus and Mrs. Straus arrived at Newport yesterday afternoon on the lighthouse tender Mayflower with the Secretary's brother and the latter's wife. The party came from Wood's Hole to Newport and will remain only for a day or so.—*Press Despatch*.

GOOD. It's to be hoped that the urgent government business which necessitated Secretary Straus's presence in Newport at the height of the fashionable season has been successfully accomplished. Also that Mrs. Straus enjoyed the social amenities of that pleasant watering place. And that "the Secretary's brother and the latter's wife" also had a good time. But where were all the little Strauses? And the Uncle Strauses and the Cousin Strauses and their wives? No member of the Straus family should have been omitted in this jaunt to Newport.

It is pleasant to see a subordinate so faithfully following the example of an exalted official superior. But if every government official and his sisters and his cousins and his aunts are equally faithful, won't it be necessary to enlarge the navy to provide boats enough for them all?

Steel

STEEL is used in the manufacture of buildings, boats and Pittsburg millionaires. In the form of sky scrapers, it advertises Insurance Companies, and has entered quite largely into the construction of both Houses of Congress. It has also been used in the White House.

Steel comes in many forms, from the ten penny nail to the Carnegie Library.

It is used to rivet railroad ties, tariff bills and watered stocks.

In the form of ocean steamers it carries our girls and money across the water to rehabilitate the nobleman's estate. In the form of rails it enables the enterprising Pullman porter to support his family in luxury. It removes appendixes and bank accounts with equal facility. It also holds up our principal naval officers while they entertain the best people of other countries.

Steel lifted the Philippine saloon on to the same plane with the Hoffman House bar, and plunged George Dewey into obscurity. It enters into everything we use except our nerve, which is invariably cast iron.

Shocking

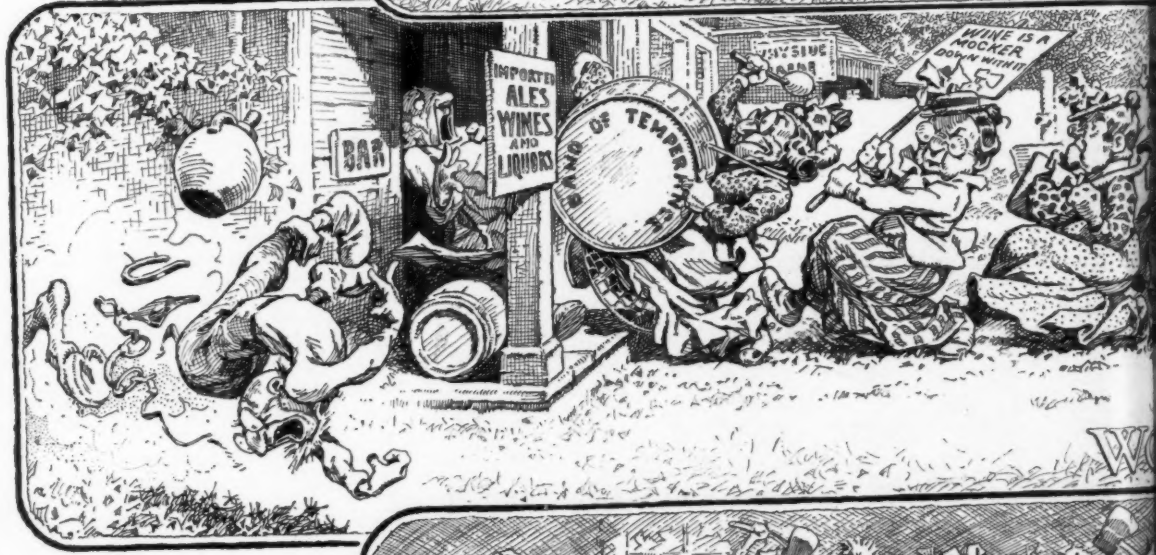
OH, oh! This from the *Courier-Journal*:—

There has been "put on" in New York a musical comedy called "The Naked Truth," and a dramatic critic says it is characterized by "pleasing new ditties." Of course "pleasing nudities" was meant.

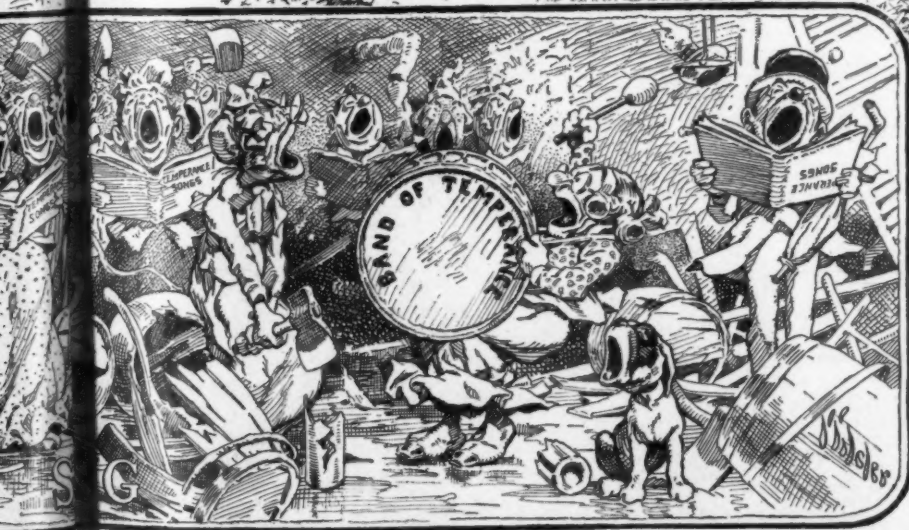
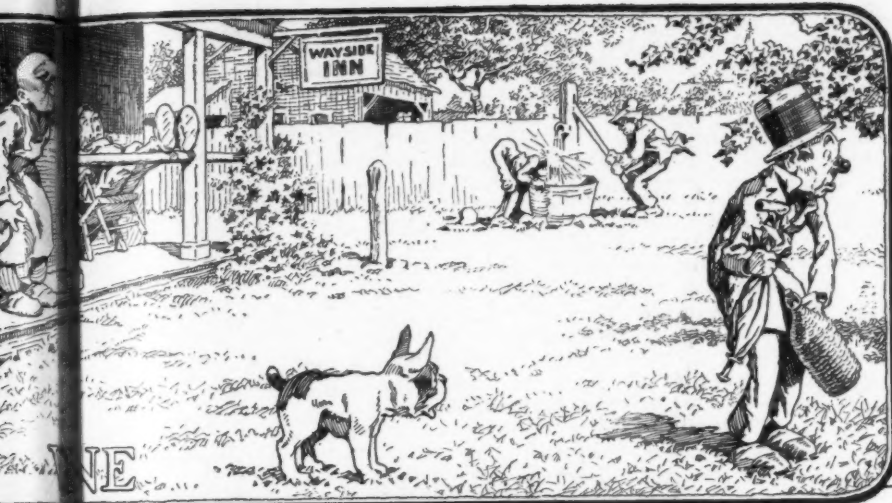


SAID SILAS IN ACCENTS EMPHATIC,
MY LIMBS TO BE SURE ARE RHEUMATIC
AND ALL OUT O' PLUMB
BUT I'M THANKFUL, BY GUM!
THAT THE LORD DIDN'T MAKE 'EM PNEUMATIC.

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• L E •



THINGS

· LIFE ·

"Hearts"



DID you ever play Bridge? They say it's a good game, but I don't see so much to it. I was over at my cousins' the other night, having dropped in on them unexpectedly (so nice, you know, to have a place like that where you can feel free to drop in at any time) and they had a bridge party on. At the last moment some one telephoned regrets and my cousin turned to me and said:

"George, you must help us out. You play, of course."

Now I don't play, you know, but I like to be obliging, and so I said:

"I shall be delighted to help you out, only my game—"

"There, there," said my cousin, "I understand. Don't depreciate yourself. I'll wager you're a fiend at it."

Of course, I've played whist and I knew bridge was the next worst thing, for I never could understand anyway the passion for cards which possesses some people.

I drew a violently handsome young woman for my partner. I knew at a glance that she was a good player. She had a sort of chronic bridge look about her, which did not take from her beauty in the least. But I've knocked about the world a bit and am not apt to get rattled easily.

"Strength or weakness?" she asked in businesslike tones, looking coldly at me as she shuffled the cards. (It was her deal.)

"Beg pardon?" I said.

"Do you discard from strength or weakness?"

She repeated more fully this time. But she wasn't going to catch me as early in the game as that. I bowed politely.

"I prefer not to say," I replied. "I would rather not give away my game." I felt that was an inspiration.

Our opponents exchanged what was plainly an attempt at a courageous smile. But I knew already that I had them on the run. After all, it's confidence in one's self that wins.

My partner glanced over her hand and said, "I pass."

My right hand opponent was a large man with a thin red face, small eyes and mustaches on either side of his face that fell away—or rather drooped, but slightly—to a single fierce hair. I waited some time for him to speak. Finally I said as politely as possible:

"What do you do, sir?"

I fancied I heard him snort, but this after all might have been only my imagination.

"This is not a game of euchre," he replied. "We are all waiting for you. What do *you* do, sir?"

There are moments when one should make concessions to an enemy. Besides, I was there to learn quickly, and not to appear as if I was ignorant. So I said warmly:

"Of course! How stupid of me. I have been playing euchre a great deal lately and momentarily I forgot."

I scanned my hand critically.

"Um. Ah!" I said. "Sorry. I pass also."

This time there was no mistake about it. My right hand opponent did snort.

I saw then that I had made a mistake. I had been too apologetic. I was about to snort back (this being the only method of retaliation that immediately occurred to me) when my partner, in a wonderfully low even voice looked at me fixedly as she said:

"You must make it, you know. Just take your longest suit, that is, the one you have the most of, no matter whether they are high or not, and make it that."

I listened intently, for if I do say it, I have always been remarkably quick to pick anything up, and when she had finished, I said:

"Yes. That was precisely what I was going to do when this gentleman (I purposely lingered on that word) interrupted me. I was about to say that I pass—to hearts."



FLOTSAM.

Without at all appearing to do so, I had even while I spoke, rapidly calculated that I had seven hearts in my hand, which was more cards than any of the suit contained.

"May I play to a heart?" said Whiskers (for this is the name I immediately gave him).

"You may," replied his partner, who appeared to me to be a nervous system inhabited by a spinster lady of uncertain age. If she had indeed possessed half as much intellect she might have been a leader of the Salvation Army, with a tambourine attachment. As it was, she was the best bridge player in a community that so far as I could gather never did anything else but eat and sleep.

Whiskers led the ace of spades, and, not having any spades, I was about to trump it triumphantly with one of my hearts, when I caught my partner looking at me. Indeed, by this time, I was learning to look for her looks. It was worth more than a knowledge of the game itself, just to be on such a confidential basis with a grand creature like that.

"You lay down your hand," she said quietly, "on the table."

"To be sure, to be sure," said I, remembering that I had seen some such thing in watching others. With this I put down the ace, king, queen, knave and ten of hearts and two others, with the ace, queen, seven of clubs and king, queen and ten of diamonds.

"That was the only thing to do," said I, as my partner, following my suggestion, trumped the ace of spades.

"No talking, sir, if you please," said Whiskers, glaring fiercely at me. "This is bridge, sir. I say, this is bridge."

"Indeed," I replied calmly. And I fancy I rather had the upper hand. "I was under the impression that it was a sangerfest."

I knew instantly that Whiskers didn't know what a sangerfest was. For that matter, neither did I. But it told heavily upon him for not to know about it only made it appear worse.



Isenheimer: "SAMMY, YOU MUST TAKE LONGER SHTEPS; YOU'LL YEAR YOUR SHOES OUT!"



AS GOOD AS NEW.

And somehow it seemed to add to the subtle irony of my remark to have it as remote and unintelligible as possible. He sighed deeply and looked at his partner hopelessly in a manner almost enough to make her bones crack. Indeed, I almost fancied I could hear them crack. In the meantime, my partner had taken another trick.

"Score one game for you," said Whiskers (who was keeping it), with 64 in honors and 56 in tricks."

"Not so bad," said I, cheerfully. I was bound to get a rise out of somebody if I could, but all were silent. Only I found my partner and myself exchanging glances. She was growing more handsome every minute.

Whiskers dealt.

When he looked over his cards he said:

"Without."

"Excuse me," said I, thinking possibly that he was thinking like me of something else. (I knew it couldn't be his partner, as I was.) "Without—what?"

"Without trumps, you—"

He gave another snort. Perhaps he was trying to get back at me for that sangerfest, by leaving what I was to the imagination. It takes more than a pair of whiskers, however, to rattle me. I realized also that I must keep my temper. Besides, I was getting busy with my partner's eyes (an occupation in itself), and I was gathering inspiration right along.

I looked at my hand, and although it was another pack of cards, there were those same hearts, seven of 'em, almost the same as before. This time I had the ace, king, jack, ten, eight and two others.

"I'll raise you," I said, wondering why Whiskers could be such an ass as to make it without any trumps in his hand.

"You mean," said my partner gently, "that you double."
 "Yes, of course," I chuckled instantly. "You see I'm a fiend on poker. I mean, of course, that I double." ("Whatever that may be," I added to myself.)

"I'm satisfied," said Whiskers.
 I bowed ceremoniously.
 "I'm very glad to hear it," I said. "I was beginning to be afraid you were too hard to please."

My partner didn't give him time to reply.
 "You may play," she said to me.
 If any one else had volunteered this gratuitous information, I should have been inclined to resent it. But somehow, coming from her, it seemed eminently proper.

"Thank you," I replied, without a trace of sarcasm.
 I led the ace of hearts, and followed it with the king. Whiskers slapped his queen on it.

"That was my only weak spot," he snorted at his partner, who gave him the osseous smile intended to be encouraging.

"No talking, if you please," said I, in a harsh, rasping voice.
 "This is bridge, sir. I say, this is bridge."

Then I played out the rest of my hearts, and we got the odd trick.

While I was dealing I couldn't help but rub it in.
 "If I had been in your place, sir," I said in an easy familiar tone, "being without any trumps, I would have passed it."

Whiskers glared at me.
 "Don't you know, sir," he fairly hissed, "that there were no trumps in that hand?"

"When you play without," my partner explained to me gently, "that means there are no trumps."

"Bah!" snorted Whiskers, "you should learn the rudiments of the game, sir."

"I'm fairly satisfied with the way I'm doing, sir," I replied with a fetching smile—for I knew now I fairly had him on the run—"and just to prove it"—I had seen my hand—same old hearts—"I'll make it without myself. Now you, sir, raise me or double if you please."

"May I play?" asked Miss Bones, at my left.
 "You may," answered Whiskers, not deigning to notice me. She led a small club, Whiskers put a king on it, while I, having only queen, ace, put on my ace. Then I led out my hearts.

In the midst of the operation, however, Whiskers suddenly roared:

"You're leading out of the wrong hand, sir?"
 "Which hand, sir?" said I.
 "Your partner's hand?" he snorted.
 "Can you blame me?" I smiled. "With such a partner and such a hand could anybody be expected to lead from anything else?"

Then I gave my partner another look. And somehow, I knew I had scored more than three tricks.

At the end of an hour, during which I held mostly aces, kings and queens, the bell rang and we stopped.

Whiskers and Bones made some calculations on paper, and then, bringing out a pocket check book he made some vicious dabs at it with a fountain pen, while she murmured something about settling with him in the morning, he handed my partner and myself the two checks, and getting up looked over the heads of every one, and in a faraway voice, low enough to make it appear that it wasn't intended for publication, and loud enough for every one to hear, said, with a final snort:

"That comes from playing with a d—d fool who never has played before. Never knew it to fail."

As for my partner, she whispered:



"YOU SEEM TO THINK THIS IS A FUNNY AFFAIR."

"YAW, POYS—I CAN'T HELP LAFFIN', DIS ISS GOING TO BE SUCH A GOOT CHOKE ON ME."

"We've won two hundred apiece, and you're a dear. Is there any other game you know any better?"

And as I searched for the soul in her eyes, I whispered:
 "Let's go into the conservatory—and you shall judge for yourself."
 T. L. M.

The Immense Change that Has Befallen

DOES every one realize what an enormous change has come into the mental lives of our vast newspaper reading population?

There is a new show on the stage; new thoughts that we must learn to think, new men and new things that we must learn to talk about.

It seems incredible that we must make this upsetting deviation in our habits. Neither is it altogether a welcome change. For seven years Theodore Roosevelt has furnished us with by far a larger proportion of our subjects of conversation than we have ever before owed to any one man, or any ten men, for the same space of time. It has been good, lively talk, too, that he has purveyed for us. Whatever we shall do without his incessantly various and stimulating interpolations of his notions into our minds is very perplexing to think about. The very prospect of it leaves us half speechless and bewildered.

Can we ever learn to keep excited and gasping over the admirable Taft?

Probably not; nor about any one else. Nobody will take Mr. Roosevelt's place as a conversational inspiration. It is better that no one should, though there will be times when talk will languish.



BUGBEARS

THOSE NICE PEOPLE WHO RING YOU UP AT ALL HOURS JUST TO BE NEIGHBORLY.



A SAVING QUALIFICATION

A beautiful young girl and her mother were discussing the eternal marriage question.

"Well, there's Charles Adams," murmured the mother, thoughtfully, after a long pause.

"Charles Adams!" sneered the girl. "He is old, he is ugly, he is mean, he is a coward. Charles Adams! Why, he has nothing in the world to recommend him except his wealth."

"You forget his heart disease," said the mother, softly.—*Sphere*.

A DIREFUL THREAT

It was during a very tedious ride on a Western railway, and the passengers, tired, dirty and thirsty, all berated the company with the exception of one single man. His fellow passengers commented on this, and asked him why he did not denounce the company too.

"It would be hardly fair," he replied, "as I am traveling on a free pass; but, if they don't do better pretty soon, blame if I don't go out and buy a ticket and join you."—*Harper's Magazine*.

A GERMAN savant is trying to learn how long a dream lasts. In Lincoln, Neb., it goes on forever.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"WHAT did that man say when you told him you had seen a sea serpent?"

"His conversation became suddenly irrelevant. He began to talk about local option and prohibition."—*Washington Star*.



MIS(S) UNDERSTANDINGS.

"I don't see why Goodley should be so unpopular with you all. He never speaks ill of any one."

"No, but he's one of these very smug fellows who can say 'Oh! yes, Jones seemed very happy when I saw him last,' and say it in such a way as to give the impression that Jones was horribly drunk."—*Philadelphia Press*.

ADAM'S LIBRARY

In Adam's library no books were found. In manuscript or printed, sheets or bound. No magazine had he, or daily print, With all the latest information in 't. There were no "six best sellers" in his day, And ne'er a foot-sore agent came his way To sell his cyclopedias and tomes That lie on center-tables in our homes.

And yet what letters had he in his time! The hills and dales gave him his meed of rhyme. The rivers, rushing onward to the sea, Provided him with hints of mystery. What sweet romance, his leisure to beguile, He found in gentle Eve's resplendent smile! If history he wished, he sought no shelf, But buckled down and made it all himself. His humor, that was fresh; his jokes were new, E'en with a spreading chestnut-tree in view. No time on "nature fakes" was wastrel spent; For he was it, and what he stated, went.

Dear Father of the Human Kind, I think You fared right well, for all your lack of ink; And while I'd greatly miss my treasured store Of modern books and ancient printed lore, For you, I vow, 't was ordered well indeed, Especially as you ne'er learned to read.

—*Century*.

An American who had to leave on a journey before the end of a case begun against him by a neighbor, gave orders to his lawyer to let him know the result by telegraph. After several days he got the following telegram: "Right has triumphed." He at once telegraphed back: "Appeal immediately."—*News*.

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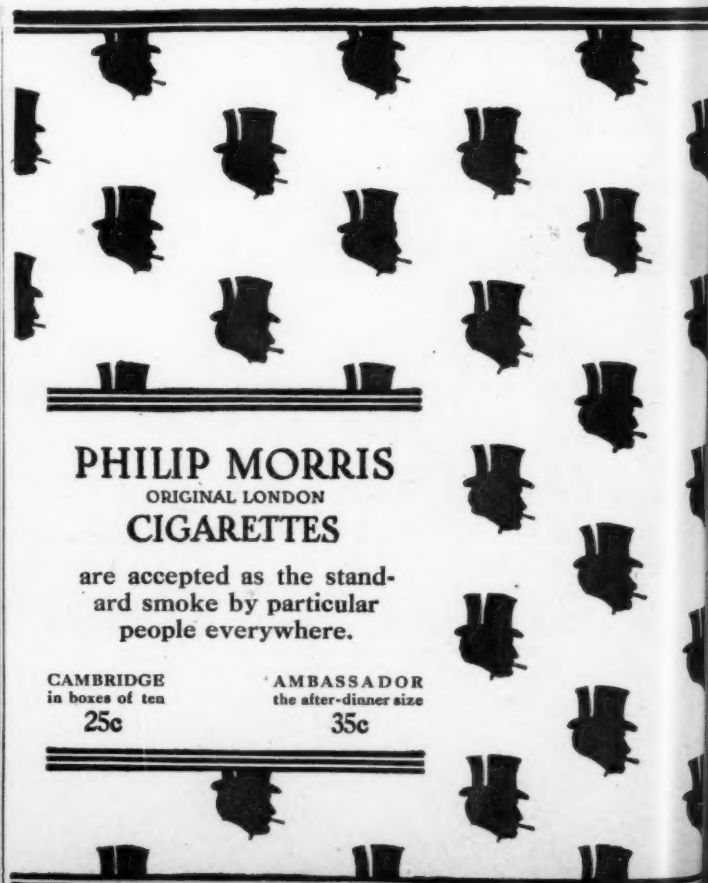
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The August Bohemian

The August number is full of bright stories and illustrated features. For instance, there are "Fads and Fancies Before the Camera," beautifully illustrated from photographs; "The Tipping Dementia," with many cartoons; "Grover Cleveland's Life at Princeton," with photographs; "Women in Journalism," with many photographs; and TWELVE short stories.

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July 23, 1908.



HIS LITTLE SUB

There was a little Boston child
Of ways controlled, of temper mild,
For all that psychic thought extends
He used for therapeutic ends.

He did not have the stomach-ache,
The whooping-cough he did not take;
"No functional disorders act,"
Said he, "on my subconscious tract."

Nor did this little fellow fret
If what he wished he did not get;
His mental poise he'd quickly find
By treating his subconscious mind.

And when his mother cried, "I am
Displeased to find you stealing jam,"
He answered from the pantry shelf,
"Mama, 't was my subconscious self."

No matter what his mother said
(She was a woman Boston-bred),
Still, for his irritating prank
That child received a conscious spank.
—Elizabeth Bennett, *Century*.

FINEST ONE-DAY PLEASURE TRIP IN AMERICA.—
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A RUMMAGE SALE

The women of the "U. C. M. A." Club were to be
entertained at Mrs. Blank's. Each member received
a card telling her to bring with her something which
she had no use for but which was too good to throw
away. They all brought their husbands.—*Success*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the
South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Ashe-
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GUESS WHO.—He is the press and the people, the
sultan who rules the Turks; he is the bell in the
steeple and he is the whole blamed works. He is the
hill and valley, the dawning, the dusk, the noon; he
is the large white alley, he is the man in the moon.
He is the soothing slumber, he is the soul awake; he
is the big cucumber that gives us the belly-ache. He
is the fire that quickens, the company that insures;
he is the ill that sickens, and he is the thing that
cures. He is the ruling Russian and we are the grovel-
ing skates; he is the Constitution and he's the
United States.—*Emporia Gazette*.

NOT ALL LOSS

Quotations cleverly malapropos or neatly distorted
furnish half the wit of the professional humorist.
Nevertheless, when such a verbal misstep is sponta-
neous, there is often real fun in it.

A young man had been out sailing with his sister
and a friend of hers. He did not know particularly
well the fine points of the art, and on trying to make
the landing against a head wind, he exclaimed, after
several vain attempts:

"Well, it is better to have luffed and lost than
never to have luffed at all!"—*Youth's Companion*.

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IN NEW YORK STATE

"Say, dad, what is 'innocuous desuetude'?"

"It's the polite term for a race-horse, John."—
Harper's Weekly.

AMONG life's ups and downs the most annoying are
keeping expenses down and appearances up.—*New*
Orleans Times-Democrat.

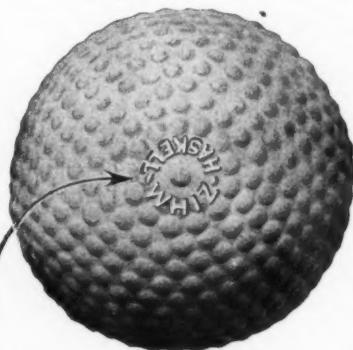
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SECRETARY TAFT'S CHAIR

When Secretary Taft made his trip to the East last year, the American consul at Hongkong gave orders to a Chinese builder of sedan-chairs to make one for the proper and dignified conveyance of the Secretary while he should be in Hongkong. He took pains to impress upon the man the fact that Mr. Taft is unusually heavy, and that the chair must therefore be of uncommon strength. The New York Sun, hearing of the existence of the amusing contract, asked for a copy of it. The consul, after having ascertained that the State Department had no objection to his making it public, sent a copy to the Sun, which recently printed it. Translated, it reads as follows:

Hongkong, Oct. 7, 1907.

I, the undersigned, Yu Wo, of 15 B, Wellington street, agree to make a sedan-chair for the American consul-general in the city of Hongkong, as the red-haired people style it, or "Fragrant Streams" in the vernacular.

This chair is to be used to carry the American giant, the Hon. William H. Taft. The said Taft being one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the American Wai Wu Pu (imperial cabinet), it will obviously discredit his nation if the chair should disintegrate in Queen's Road, or in front of the government house. Such things have happened. To avert international complications of this sort, I, Yu Wo, assert my skill as a chairmaker.

It shall be re-enforced at all weak points. The cross-bars over the shoulders of the coolies shall be strengthened with metal. The shafts shall be of double diameter. The body itself shall be of eventful width, and adhere to the shafts not merely by the traditional bonds, but by ropes. Red cloth shall adorn the seat of the chair, and gleaming brass look defiantly out on the admiring bystanders to a point that, unconsciously, folks, amahs and dealers in rice, fire-crackers and jade shall say, "Certainly this nation of the open door, that has so long befriended the middle kingdom, is a great power!" Borne by six coolies, the spectacle shall long linger in the Oriental mind.

My price is to be five dollars, but there is to be no charge against the consul for the making or use of the chair if it breaks or humiliates while in use of the said American giant.

With such precautions I do safeguard the dignity of a friendly power, and contribute an honest chairmaker's part in preserving the peace of the far East.

(Signed)

Yu Wo.

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The Complete Lawn Tennis, by A. Wallis Myers. (Geo. W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia, Pa. \$3.00.)

Advanced Golf, by James Briad. (Geo. W. Jacobs and Company. \$3.00.)

The Post-Girl, by Edward C. Booth. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

The Open Window, by the author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife." (MacMillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Woman Pays, by Frederic P. Ladd. (Mitchell and Kennerly. \$1.50.)

Stories, New and Old, by Hamilton W. Mabie. (The MacMillan Company. \$1.50.)

The True Way of Life, by Nanny R. B. Baughman. (Published by the Author.)

The Heavenly Life, by James Allen. (R. F. Fenno and Company.)

The Official Year Book and Directory of Golf and Automobiling. (Published by Stettiner Bros., New York City.)

Miscellanies, by John Morley. (MacMillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Wayfarers, by Mary Stuart Cutting. (McClure's. \$1.50.)

The Vegetable Garden, by Ida D. Bennett. (McClure's. \$1.50.)

Wilderness Homes, by Oliver Kemp. (The Outing Publishing Company. \$1.25.)

Vigorous Daunt Billionaire, by Ambrose Pratt. (R. F. Fenno and Company.)

The Twentieth Century American, by H. Perry Robinson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Fate's A Fiddler, by Edwin George Pinkham. (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)



William Penn



AMONG all the builders of this Nation none deserve more lasting gratitude than this stout old Quaker Champion.

Irish and English prisons could not conquer his spirit, and from a cell in the tower of London he conceived the idea of founding beyond the seas a state wherein Brotherly Love—Peace On Earth and Personal Liberty might become living facts. Thus Pennsylvania was founded.

When colonial governor he introduced vine-growing and brewing and at Penn-bury Manor he had a brew house.*

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He died at 74, and the results of his life's doings bear eloquent witness that the moderate use of a good malt beer helps to create the noblest qualities of mind and soul.

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*National Magazine of History—XVI, page 154.
The True William Penn, page 351.
Dictionary of National Biography—Vol. XLIV.
Eddy's Alcohol in History, pages 181, 191, 193, 203, etc., etc.



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